MARVEL LEGACY

FIRE FROM HEAVEN

11

EXPERIMENTED UPON LONG AGO BY ALIENS KNOWN AS THE KREE, *THE INHUMANS* ARE A RACE OF SUPER-BEINGS WHO CAN UNLOCK AMAZING ABILITIES VIA THE MYSTERIOUS ELEMENT *TERRIGEN*.

BUT AFTER LEARNING THAT TERRIGEN WAS POISONING EARTH'S MUTANT POPULATION, THE QUEEN OF THE INHUMANS, *MEDUSA*, DESTROYED ALL TRACES OF IT, MEANING THERE WILL BE NO MORE NEW INHUMANS. HEAVY WITH GUILT, MEDUSA ABDICATED THE THRONE—LEAVING THE INHUMANS WITHOUT THEIR ROYAL FAMILY.

BUT EVEN IF THE ROYALS CAN NO LONGER RULE INHUMANITY...THEY CAN STILL SAVE IT.

ROYALS

MEDUSA

MAXIMUS

CRYSTAL

GORGON

SWAIN

MARVEL BOY

FLINT

HEADSHOT ART BY JUAN DOE

MARVEL BOY RECRUITED THE ROYAL FAMILY AND A COUPLE NEW INHUMANS TO FIND A WAY TO RESTORE THE INHUMAN RACE. THEY LEARNED OF PRIMAGEN, THE TERRIGEN-LIKE CATALYST THAT MADE THE KREE, AND BEGAN SEARCHING FOR ITS MAKERS. THEIR NEXT CLUE WAS THE SKYSPEARS, ADVANCED COMPUTERS THAT AFFECT INHUMANS AND RELATED RACES. AFTER TOUCHING ONE, FLINT'S POWERS FLEW OFF THE CHARTS, BUT HIS BODY IS NOW CRYSTALIZING.

THE SKYSPEARS LED THE ROYALS TO THE COMPUTER-BASED HOMEWORLD OF PRIMAGEN'S MAKERS—BUT THEY WERE NOTICED. A CRASH LANDING BROUGHT THEM STRAIGHT TO THE FEET OF A DEADLY PROGENITOR, WHO INJURED CRYSTAL. COMBINING THEIR MENTAL POWERS, MAXIMUS AND SWAIN DEFEATED THE ALIEN, BUT IT WAS ONE OF MANY.

AND NOW GOD IS WATCHING THEM.

THOUSANDS OF YEARS IN THE FUTURE, THE PROGENITORS ARE RETURNING, AND ONLY THE LAST INHUMAN—A WORN MAXIMUS THE MAD—AND THE ACCUSER—AN OLDER NOH-VARR—STAND IN THEIR WAY. FOR HELP, THEY'VE GONE TO RECRUIT A KING LONG LEFT SLEEPING...

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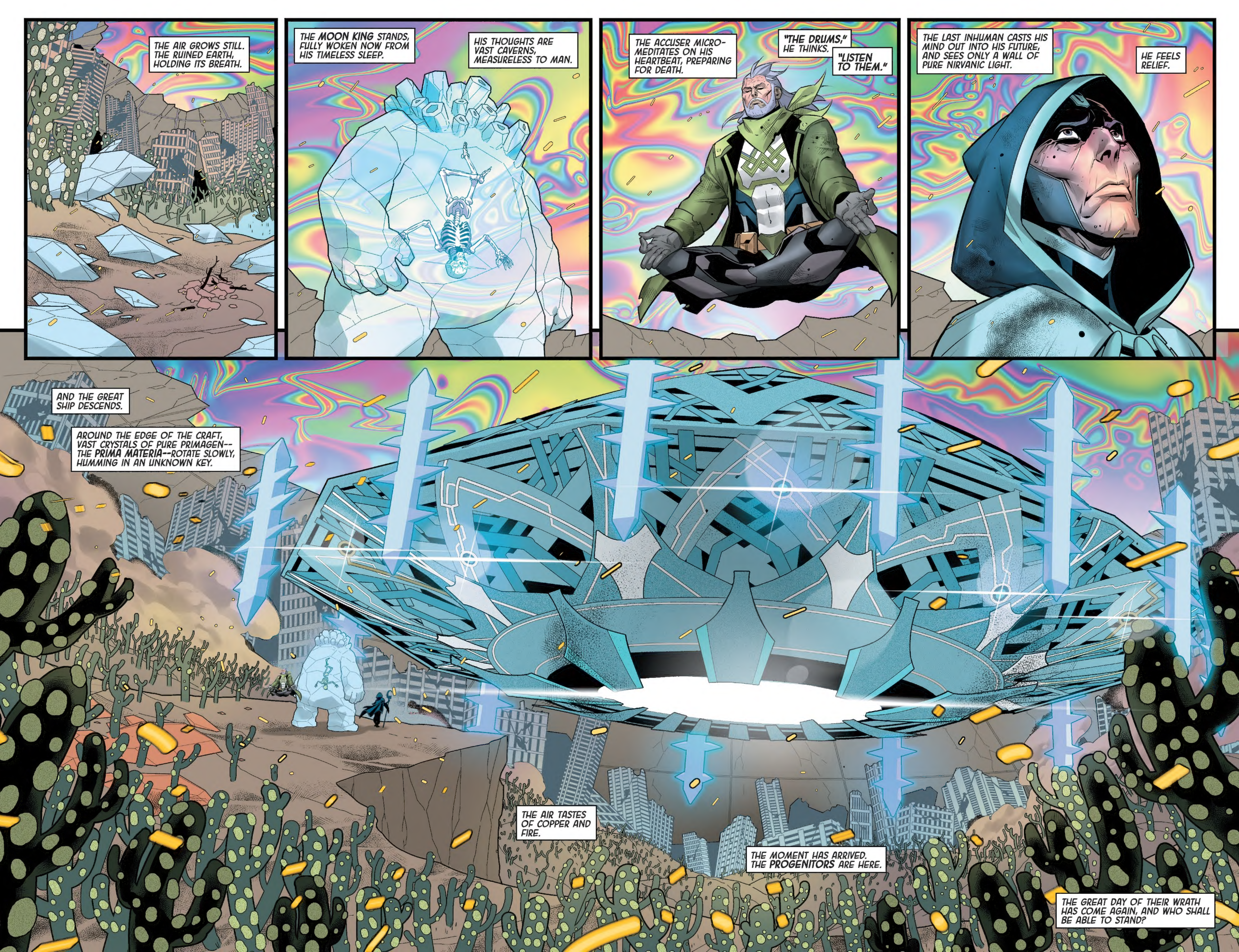
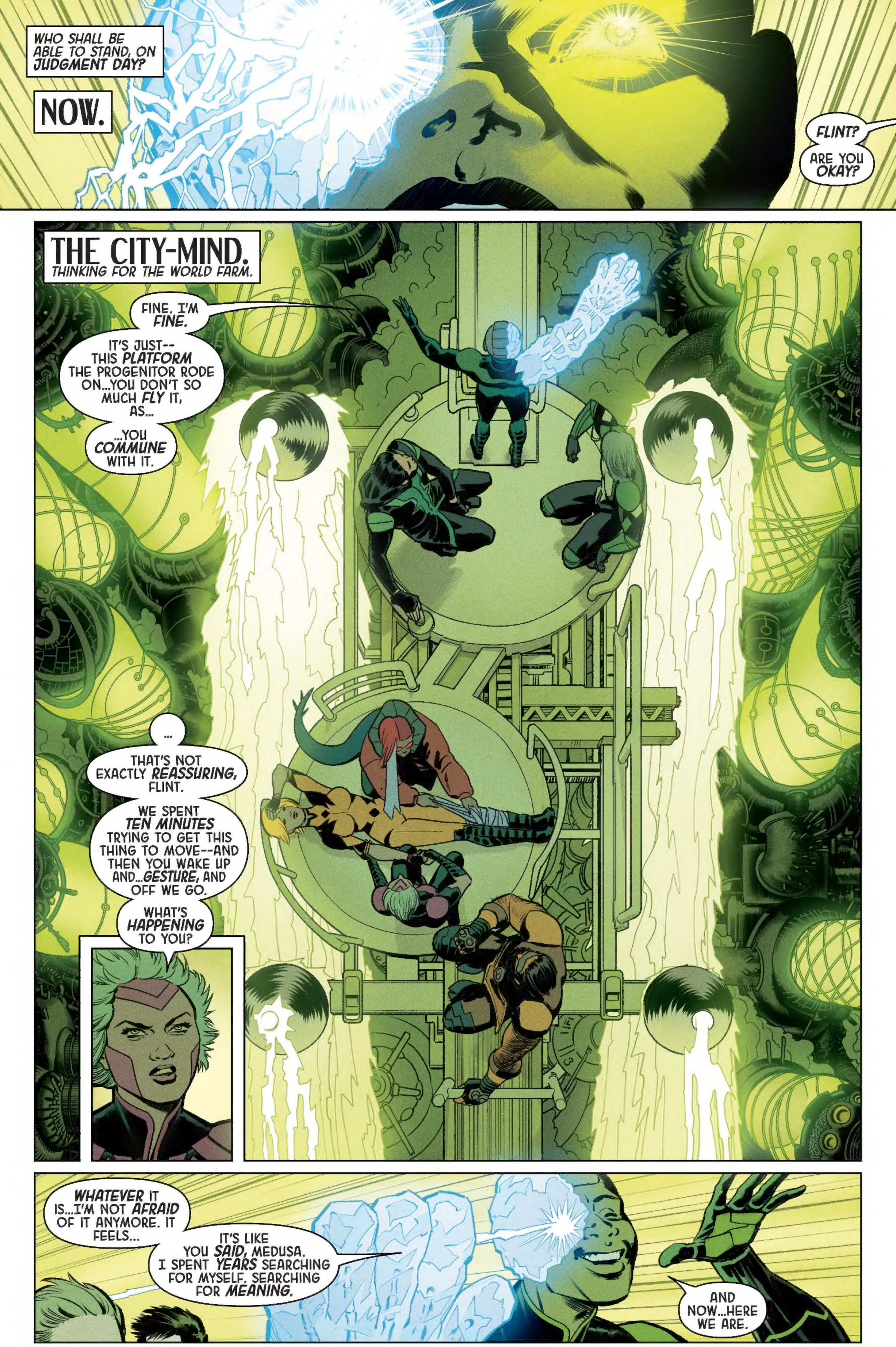
As Though Nothing Could Fall

AL EWING writer JAVIER RODRÍGUEZ with KEVIN LIBRANDA pencilers
ÁLVARO LÓPEZ with LIBRANDA inkers JORDIE BELLAIRE with JOSÉ VILLARRUBIA colorists

VC's CLAYTON COWLES letterer JAVIER RODRÍGUEZ & ÁLVARO LÓPEZ cover artists SARAH BRUNSTAD assoc. editor
WIL MOSS editor TOM BREVOORT executive editor AXEL ALONSO editor in chief JOE QUESADA chief creative officer
DAN BUCKLEY president ALAN FINE exec. producer INHUMANS created by STAN LEE & JACK KIRBY


THE AIR GROWS STILL. THE RUINED EARTH, HOLDING ITS BREATH.
THE MOON KING STANDS, FULLY WOKEN NOW FROM HIS TIMELESS SLEEP.
HIS THOUGHTS ARE VAST CAVERNS, MEASURELESS TO MAN.
THE ACCUSER MICRO-MEDITATES ON HIS HEARTBEAT, PREPARING FOR DEATH.
"THE DRUMS," HE THINKS.
"LISTEN TO THEM."
THE LAST INHUMAN CASTS HIS MIND OUT INTO HIS FUTURE, AND SEES ONLY A WALL OF PURE NIRVANIC LIGHT.
HE FEELS RELIEF.
AND THE GREAT SHIP DESCENDS.
AROUND THE EDGE OF THE CRAFT, VAST CRYSTALS OF PURE PRIMAGEN--THE PRIMA MATERIA--ROTATE SLOWLY, HUMMING IN AN UNKNOWN KEY.
THE AIR TASTES OF COPPER AND FIRE.
THE MOMENT HAS ARRIVED. THE PROGENITORS ARE HERE.
THE GREAT DAY OF THEIR WRATH HAS COME AGAIN, AND WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND?


WHO SHALL BE ABLE TO STAND, ON JUDGMENT DAY?
NOW.
FLINT? ARE YOU OKAY?
THE CITY-MIND. THINKING FOR THE WORLD FARM.
FINE. I'M FINE.
IT'S JUST-- THIS PLATFORM THE PROGENITOR RODE ON...YOU DON'T SO MUCH FLY IT, AS...
...YOU COMMUNE WITH IT.
...
THAT'S NOT EXACTLY REASSURING, FLINT.
WE SPENT TEN MINUTES TRYING TO GET THIS THING TO MOVE--AND THEN YOU WAKE UP AND...GESTURE, AND OFF WE GO.
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOU?
WHATEVER IT IS...I'M NOT AFRAID OF IT ANYMORE. IT FEELS...
IT'S LIKE YOU SAID, MEDUSA. I SPENT YEARS SEARCHING FOR MYSELF. SEARCHING FOR MEANING.
AND NOW...HERE WE ARE.

HERE I AM.

"ET IN ARCADIA EGO." I THINK IT'S *COOL.*

WHAT IS THAT UP AHEAD? SOME KIND OF *POWER STATION?* A *DATA HUB?*

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT IT *IS,* NOH-VARR. ONLY WHAT IT *HOLDS.*

THE *PRIMA MATERIA...*

IT'S LIKE... THERE'S A *PULL.* CAN YOU *FEEL* THAT, MAXIMUS?

LIKE GRAVITY IN YOUR *SOUL...*

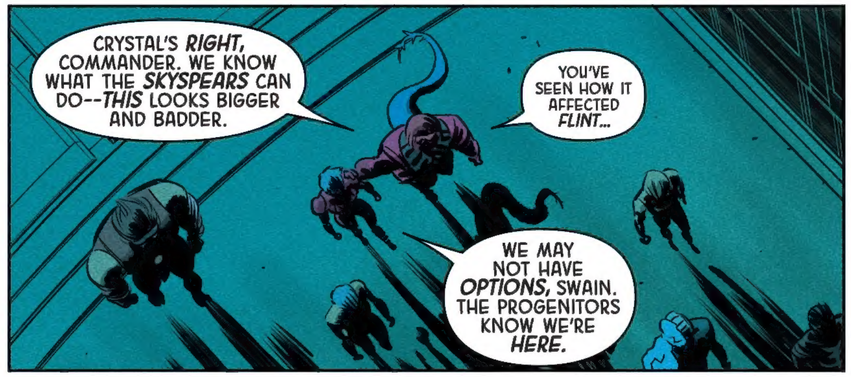
OH, I'VE FELT IT MY WHOLE *LIFE.* MAYBE *EVERY* INHUMAN HAS.

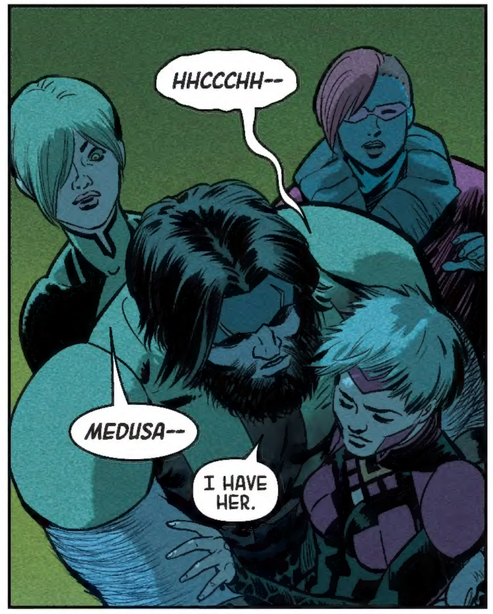
THE GRAVITY OF OUR *BIRTHRIGHT.*

THAT WHICH OUR FATHERS *LOST* TO MYTH AND HISTORY--THAT WHICH THEY TRIED TO BUILD AGAIN FOR *US.*

THIS. THIS IS WHAT MAKES US *GREAT.*

THIS IS WHAT MAKES US *ROYALS.*





//END THREAT//
//END THREAT//
PROGENITORS.
EXTERMINATOR-CLASS AND DESTROYER-CLASS.

HHUSSSS

MOVE--

BLAM
BLAM
IIEEEEEIEE
KABOOOMMM
BUMP
AARRHH--
AIM FOR THE HEAD! THE REST IS JUST A SHELL!
AIM FOR THE HEAD!
"YOU'VE SEEN HOW IT AFFECTED FLINT."
YOU KNOW WHAT, 30-SECONDS-AGO SWAIN?
I'LL TAKE IT.
CONTACT

BEGIN UPLOAD
SWAIN?
ASH?
IS...IS THIS REAL?
I'M NOT SURE.
HOW DID YOU GET IN MY HEAD?
I DON'T KNOW. I--I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO DIE, AND...
THERE'S THIS STUFF, THIS SUPER-TERRIGEN...AND MY POWER IS EMOTIONAL CONNECTION... AND...
...AND I'M SORRY.
I THOUGHT... BECAUSE OF MY POWER, BECAUSE OF YOUR...NOT-FEELING-THINGS...I THOUGHT WHAT WE HAD WASN'T...
I'M SORRY. I MISS YOU. I WISH I'D STAYED WITH YOU.
I LOVE YOU.
LISTEN--
IT'S OKAY.
IT'S OKAY.
I KNOW.
--YOU CAN'T MAKE ME "HAPPY," SWAIN. OR "SAD." I CAN'T FEEL THINGS LIKE THAT.
BUT YOU'RE FASCINATING TO ME. AND THE WARMTH OF YOUR TAIL ON MINE IS PLEASANT, AND HOW YOU SMELL. AND A THOUSAND OTHER THINGS.
YOU MAKE MY LIFE BETTER BY BEING IN IT. THAT'S NOT SOMETHING I FEEL OR DON'T FEEL. IT'S OBJECTIVE. IT JUST IS.
IS THAT LOVE? I CAN'T SAY.
BUT... WE'RE INHUMANS, SWAIN.
WE'RE NOT BEHOLDEN TO THE HUMAN WORLD. TO THE CAGES OF THEIR WORDS, TO THE STUNTED DEFINITIONS THEY CHAIN THEMSELVES WITH.
WE KEEP TIME BY OUR OWN WATCHES. WE FLY BY OUR OWN STARS.
WE ARE WONDERS.
AND THE MEANING OF LOVE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.
AAAAAAA

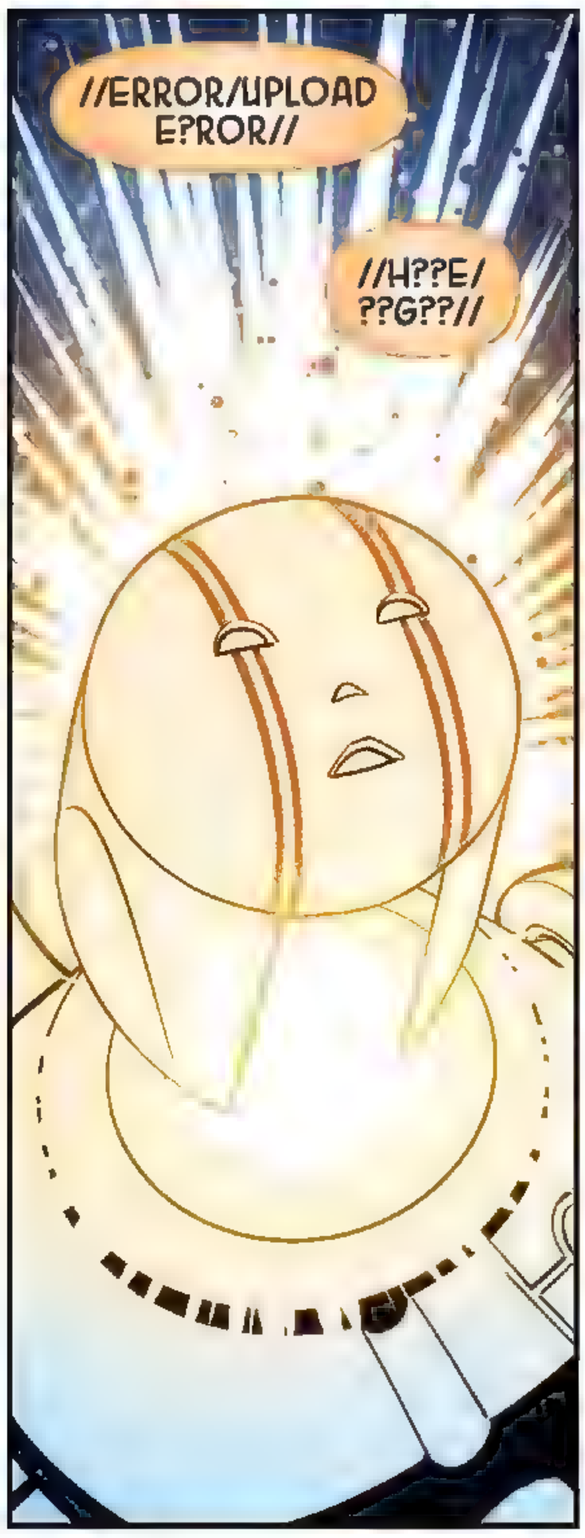
//END THREAT//

//DESTROY/ EXTERMINATE//

//REPAIR SYSTEM ERROR//

//EXTERMINATE/ DESTROY//

NO...



CRAAK
CRAAK
HOW DOES IT FEEL, HUH?
HOW DOES IT FEEL?
ZOOOOMM
EEEEEEEE

NOT GOOD, IS IT? NOT...
NOT...NOT GOOD...
OKAY. MARVEL BOY'S STILL ALIVE.
COCKROACH GENES AGAIN, I GUESS...
HE'S STILL GOING TO NEED MEDICAL ATTENTION.
...HOW DID SWAIN DO THAT?
VIA THE PRIMA MATERIA. THIS IS WHAT IT DOES. WHAT I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU.
IT MAKES US BETTER.
IT MAKES US MORE.
HOW... HOW MUCH MORE?
HOW POWERFUL IS THIS STUFF?
...
NOT ENOUGH.
WHAT?

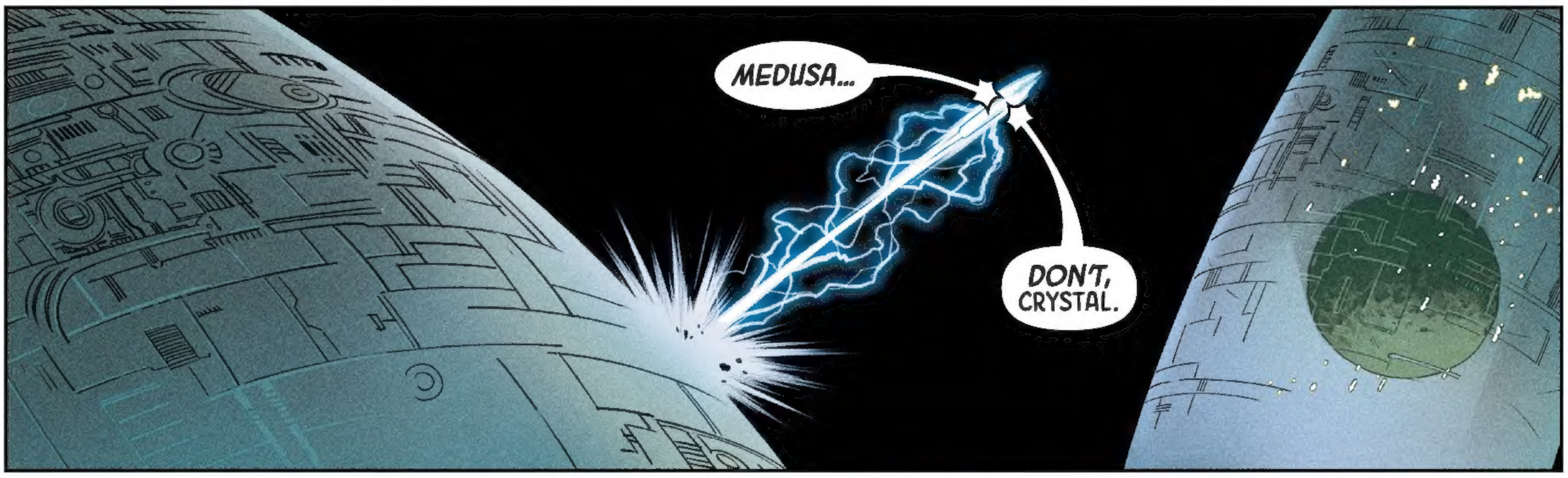
NOT POWERFUL ENOUGH.
LOOK.
LOOK OUTSIDE.

WHAT... WHAT DO WE DO?
WE CAN'T FIGHT THEM ALL--EVEN WITH THE PRIMAGEN--
FLINT--BUILD US A CRYSTAL POD, LIKE THE ONE WE LANDED IN. A LIFEBOAT.
SO WE GET WHAT WE CAME FOR AND RUN.
YOU LIFTED PLUTO--I'M PRETTY SURE YOU CAN LIFT AND FLY US.
I... I THINK SO...
CRYSTAL--YOU'LL REGULATE THE ATMOSPHERE IN THERE.
MAXIMUS--GATHER PRIMAGEN. THE SMALLER CRYSTALS--AS MANY AS YOU CAN.
WHY HIM?
BECAUSE ONLY I CAN HOLD IT WITHOUT TOUCHING IT. ROBOT HANDS BEAT GLOVES ANY DAY.
YOU CAN THANK BLACK BOLT...
LET'S GO, EVERYONE--WE'VE GOT MAYBE A MINUTE BEFORE THEY'RE ON TOP OF US--
NO. THEY'RE STILL TOO POWERFUL.
THEY'LL PLUCK US OUT OF THE SKY OR BLOW US UP IN SPACE--JUST LIKE THEY DID BEFORE. UNLESS...
...UNLESS SOMEONE KEEPS THEM BUSY HERE.
UNLESS SOMEONE STAYS BEHIND.

...
NOT YOU.
THEN WHO?
EVERYONE ELSE IS EITHER INJURED OR POWERLESS. OR YOU CAN'T LEAVE WITHOUT THEM--
I WON'T LEAVE WITHOUT YOU.
GORGON--AS YOUR COMMANDER, I-- I FORBID THIS--
AS MY COMMANDER... YOU ARE BEHOLDEN. YOU SAID IT YOURSELF.
TO THE CREW.
TO THE MISSION--
AND TO MY HEART!
TO MY HEART!
RIGHT OR WRONG!
RIGHT OR WRONG.
DO YOUR DUTY, GORGON.
AND I WILL DO MINE.

AYE, COMMANDER.
PETRAS. MY SON.
REMEMBER ME.
//END THREAT//
THAT'S RIGHT!
I'M THE THREAT! ME!
NOT THEM!
KRROOOOMM

I AM GORGON--
--GORGON OF THE HOUSE OF PETRAGON!
BOOM
AND-- NNNH--I MADE--
--A PROMISE!
BEGIN UPLOAD.
ZISSH
TO NEVER STOP!
THOUGH THE WORLD ENDS AROUND ME--
--I WILL NEVER STOP FIGHTING!
NEVER!
DO YOU *HEAR* ME, MONSTERS?
I WILL NEVER--
--STOP--



DON'T SAY ANYTHING.

TO BE CONTINUED...

ROYALS

NEXT: ROYALS #12

AND FOR MORE INHUMANS, CHECK OUT:

ZONE